

The
Pumpkin Patch
part one

Jack the Monkey

The car's tires hummed a monotonous tune against the pavement as it rolled through the dusky countryside, the last hues of twilight painting a dim silhouette of trees along the horizon. Inside the old sedan, the atmosphere was far from the quiet world outside. Jane sat in the passenger seat, her gaze alternating between her phone and the passing scenery, while in the backseat, Freddy was reaching forward to fiddled with the radio, trying to find a station that wasn't just static.



Jack, Jane's older brother, gripped the steering wheel with a casual ease, the corner of his mouth hinting at a smirk. "You guys want to hear a story?" he asked, his voice mixing with the faint crackling of the radio.

Jane rolled her eyes without looking up from her screen. "If it's another one of your made-up ghost stories, Jack, save it. Halloween's tomorrow."

"But today's the perfect day for it, sis," Jack insisted, his eyes fixed on the road that seemed to swallow the car whole. "Besides, we're driving right through the heart of the old tale."

Freddy leaned back, his interest piqued, the radio forgotten. "I'm in. Hit us with it, Jack."

Jack cleared his throat theatrically, his voice dropping an octave as he began. "Long ago, right in this area, there lived a witch named Abigail Ashwood. She was unlike any other – feared by many, but still with the capacity of real love. You see, Abigail's heart belonged to another woman, Serene, the daughter of the most influential man in town – a Puritan Minister and a successful farmer renowned for his vast gardens filled with the most magnificent pumpkins you could ever lay eyes on."

The radio finally gave in, and a soft melody played in the background, almost as if it was setting the stage for Jack's story.

"The Minister, a man of God and soil, was blinded by his beliefs and pride in his crops. When whispers of his daughter's moonlit rendezvous with Abigail reached his ears, rage consumed him. He and the village, fueled by ignorance and hate, burnt the witch's cottage to the ground. But fate's cruel hand spared the witch that night, for she was away, gathering flowers for Serene – ingredients for a ritual meant to create a child from their union. You know, 'cause they were both women."

Freddy chuckled in the back, like a snickering child who just found his older brothers nudie magazines.



...fueled by ignorance and hate...

Jane finally put her phone down, drawn into the narrative despite herself. "That's tragic," she muttered.

Jack nodded solemnly. "But tragedy turned to horror when they realized they had killed Serene instead. The witch returned to find her lover's lifeless body amidst the cinders of what was once a home. The townsfolk, however, were quick to blame Abigail for the Minister's folly. They seized her, bound her to the mightiest tree in the preacher's garden, and placed a massive pumpkin over her head, marking her an abomination."

The car seemed to slow down as if in reverence to the story, the engine's growl a distant echo.

"With her last breath, Abigail cursed the preacher's beloved garden. She proclaimed that the fruits of this land would ensnare those who trespassed, dooming them to spread her curse to all they encountered. The Minister, haunted by fear and guilt, destroyed his garden, leaving behind nothing but a charred stump — the very one she was tied to."



Freddy, who had just been smiling, slowly dropped it. "That's crazy. What... what does it mean, though?"

Jack's voice grew softer. "No one knows really. But they say that the Minister prevented the land from being farmed again, but nature is not so easily swayed. Wild pumpkins sprout there every year, around that blackened tree stump, as if mocking his attempts to erase the past."

As if on cue, the car approached a field full of pumpkins, a dark distant stump visible amongst the sea of orange. Jane gasped. "Is that—?"

Jack's smirk returned. "Yep. That's the place. How about we take a closer look? You know, for fun."

The amber glow of the late afternoon sun bathed the countryside in a warm, golden light as the car pulled up beside the sprawling pumpkin patch. The world was quiet, save for the distant caw of a crow and the soft rustle of the autumn wind through the leaves. Jack killed the engine, and the three friends got out of the car, their shadows stretching long across the ground.

"This is incredible," Jane breathed, taking in the sight of hundreds of pumpkins scattered across the field, their skins burnished by the magic hour light.



Freddy grinned, pulling his phone out for a photo. "Yeah, talk about Instagram gold."

The three friends got out of the car.

Jane's eyes were wide as she took in the sea of pumpkins, their shapes slightly grotesque and misshapen. "Man, this is kinda spooky."

A sense of trepidation hung over the trio as they approached the patch, the pumpkins like silent witnesses to their intrusion.

"Hey there!" A gruff voice called out to them.

A figure emerged from a nearby hedge, an old farmer with a weathered face and skeptical eyes. "This is private property, you know," he said, not too unkindly.

Jack stepped forward, his hands raised in a placating gesture. "Sorry about that, sir. We were just driving through and got curious about the pumpkins."

The farmer eyed them for a moment before his features softened with a chuckle. "Curious, huh? About my wild pumpkin patch here?"

Jane nodded eagerly. "Yes, we heard this story about a witch and a curse and—"



The farmer eyes them

The farmer cut her off with a laugh. "Ah, the old Abigail Ashwood tale! My great-great-granddaddy used to scare us with that one. Nothing but a silly folk tale, but a good one."

Freddy leaned against the fence, his interest evident. "So, you know the story?"

The farmer leaned on his hoe, a smirk flickering across his face. "Oh, I know it alright. Been in the family for generations. But as you can see," he gestured broadly at the patch, "it's nothing more than a story. These pumpkins grow wild and haven't bothered a soul. I've been meaning to clear them out for grazing land."

Jack glanced at the pumpkins, a mischievous glint in his eye. "Would you mind if we took a few off your hands? We could pay you for them."

One of the farmer's eyebrows went up, "Sure, I guess. I could use the cash. Just come get me when you're done."

With a nod and a wave, the farmer turned and walked away, his silhouette outlined against the setting sun as he made his way up the hill to his cozy homestead.

Left alone in the patch, the friends split up to explore. Jack and Freddy ventured off in search of the perfect pumpkin, while Jane's attention was drawn to the center of the field.

Jack called out from a distance, his voice tinged with urgency. "Hey, actually... I'm gonna ask if I can use his bathroom. Be right back!"



"Okay. Hurry up, we're losing daylight." Jane replied.

As Jack headed in the direction the farmer had gone, Jane's attention was caught by the silhouette of the charred stump in the center of the field. She walked over to it, her curiosity piqued by the aura of mystery that surrounded the darkened wood. The stump stood as a silent testament to the tale they had heard earlier, its presence lending credence to the legend of the witch.

She walked toward it, her hand brushing against the rough vines. The stump was charred and twisted, a relic that suddenly felt very real. Jane circled it slowly, running her fingers over the blackened wood, lost in thought.

It was then she noticed it: a pumpkin unlike any other she'd seen before. It was larger and had an otherworldly luminescence, even in the daylight. It sat at the base of the stump, as if guarding it.

Across the patch, Freddy found a semi-secluded area and lit up a joint. "Jane! Want a hit?" he yelled.

Jane didn't take her eyes off the pumpkin. "No, I'm good," she replied, her voice distant.



Freddy shrugged, a cloud of smoke billowing around him. "Suit yourself. More for me," he muttered, turning away to find a better spot to enjoy his high.

Under the spell of the dying light, the pumpkin patch was an ocean of undulating shadows and whispers. Jane stood motionless, her gaze transfixed by the singular pumpkin. It called to her, a siren song without words, compelling her to reach out, to touch, to take.

Jane wrapped her arms around the large pumpkin, lifting it with a grunt, her heart beating a little faster. It was heavier than it looked, but she managed to hold it up. "You're so... beautiful," she whispered to it, a strange infatuation in her voice.



With a delicate yet decisive movement, Jane's fingers graced the pumpkin's surface, and a pulse of warmth surged through her, rooting her to the spot. An inexplicable need overtook her, and with a surge of energy that was not her own, she hoisted the pumpkin above her head and brought it down onto herself with a swift, deliberate motion.



The bottom of the pumpkin easily gave in, and immediately enveloped her, sitting perched on her shoulders. The moment the pumpkin settled around her head, Jane snapped out of it, and her body erupted into chaos. Her muffled screams vibrated within the confines of her new, fleshy prison, her hands scraping against the unyielding surface as she failed to lift it. Then she felt something, an overworldly feeling that ignited like a flame, spreading through her with an intensity that was both terrifying and exhilarating. She started to change.

Jane's body writhed in the midst of the pumpkin patch, the transformation relentless and agonizing. Her silhouette became more pronounced, curves deepening, limbs lengthening. Her clothing, a feeble barrier to the metamorphosis, gave way under the strain; the fabric of her casual outfit pulled taut as her torso elongated, giving way with sharp, tearing sounds. Her jeans split down the sides, unable to contain the expanding and reshaping of her hips and legs. Her shirt burst along the seams as her figure expanded, her form growing ever more voluptuous.

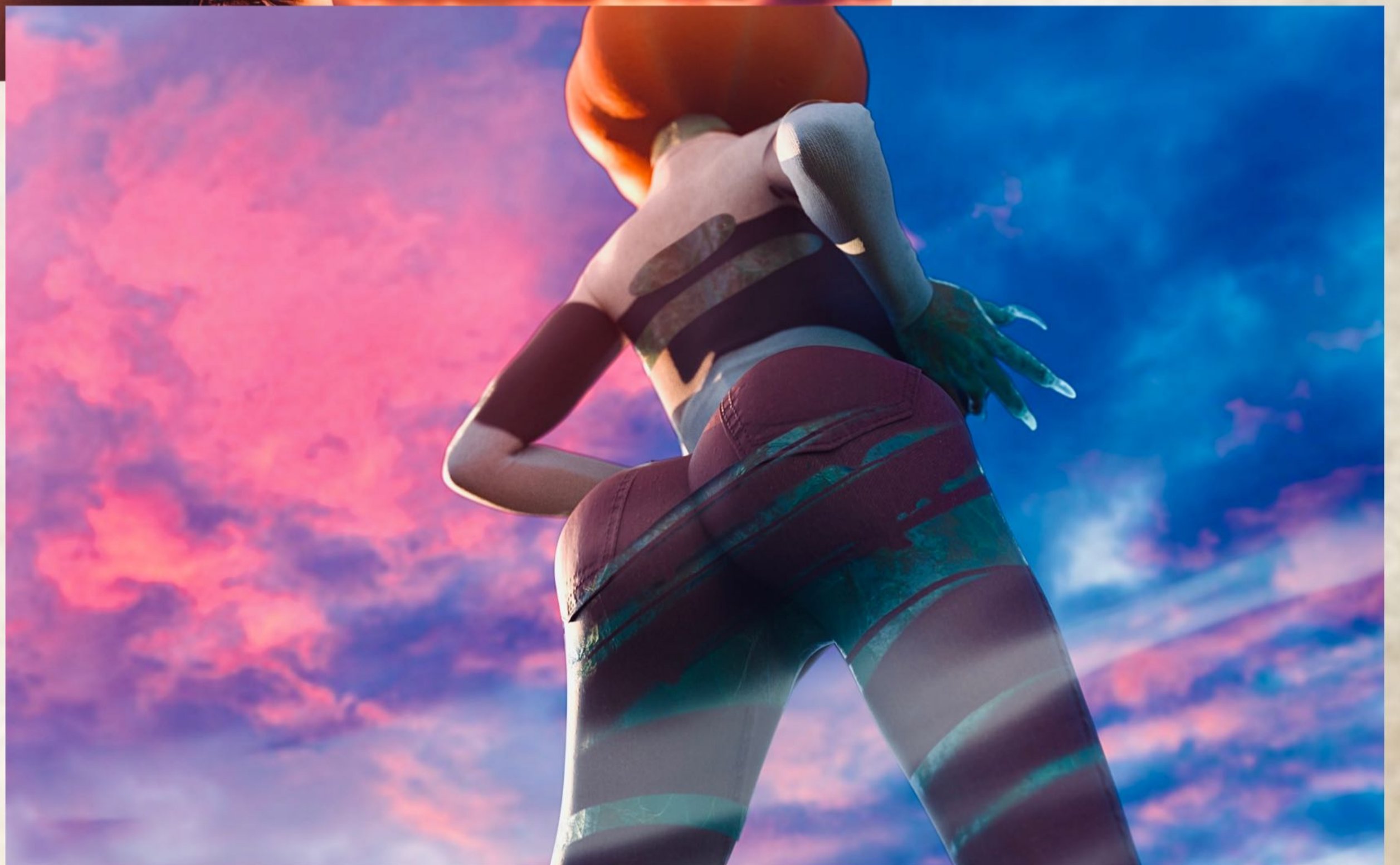


Inside the cursed pumpkin the environment was a claustrophobic chamber of living horror. In there her screams were magnified. Her frantic eyes darted around, trying to take in her dark surroundings. The inner walls of the pumpkin were slick and pulsating, coated with a thick, syrupy substance that seemed to throb with its own sinister pulse. The flesh of the pumpkin clung to her skin, invading her pores, seeping into her very being with a voraciousness that was as relentless as it was grotesque. It felt as if thousands of tiny tendrils were burrowing into her flesh, worming their way through her muscle and bone, weaving a tapestry of corruption into her beautiful face. The air in there was humid and rank. As the pumpkin's presence overwhelmed her senses, it began to numb what was once Jane, suffocating her thoughts, her memories, her very essence under its oppressive weight.



As the transformation built, so did a strange, burgeoning pleasure, intertwining with the fear and confusion that raced through Jane's mind. It crescendoed, overwhelming her senses, until she could no longer distinguish between the horror of her transformation and the ecstasy it wrought.

The pleasure was washing over her, made evident by her muted moans. Her movements, once violent and jerky, now were smooth and sensual, like she was performing some ancient fertility dance. Jane's brain was overwhelmed with bliss, as her rough new hands explored her changing body, which nearly bursted out of her clothes now. She ripped open her tattered shirt, freeing her new huge perfect breast, now green and glorious. She grasped her pants at the crotch and ripped open a giant hole, revealing a slick moist pussy, pulsing with a life of it's own.



Her hips twitched, then twitch again. Her long fingers quickly sunk into her sloppy, gloopy cunt. She grasped one breast and worked her engorged green clit, sensitive and needy. She twerked her big plump ass, as her moans grew louder and louder, gaining a odd ethereal tone.



In a sudden spasm, she came. Orange juices exploded from her pussy, shooting out several pumpkin seeds, like bullets. The flow continued as her body convulsed more than ever, reaching a final torrent of horrifying pleasure.



In the climactic throes of her orgasm, Jane's struggles ceased abruptly; her body went limp, surrendering into her new form. She stood there, hunched over, panting, breathing heavy and deep, filled with the scent of the earth.

The last sliver of sun disappeared behind the nearby hills. Then, as if the night itself was sculpting her anew, a new face began to form. Where there was smooth pumpkin flesh, crevices carved themselves into existence, shaping eyes and a mouth, the glowing semblance of a smile that was neither kind nor merciful. A jack-o'-lantern. When the creature lifted its head, the transformation was complete.



Jane was gone, consumed by the entity she had become. In a testament to her new existence she let out a slow, deliberate laughter that echoed through the fields, a sound not of this world, but of a dark harvest sown in the fertile ground of nightmare and legend.

It looked down at it self. Jane's cloth now sat limp and tattered over it's thick sexualized body. Her tits and ass, green and slimey as they were, were shaped like a porn star's. In spite of that, she was taller now, with long arms and lankey (but shapely) legs. Her hands and feet were brown and hardened claws, but they blended up her shins and forearms, into the smooth plant-like greenness that was the rest of her body.

In the aftermath of her transformation, the creature stood in the midst of the pumpkin patch, its breathing shallow and uneven as it adjusted to its new form. The world around it seemed sharper, every whisper of the wind and rustle of the leaves amplified. It was as if the very earth communicated with it, instilling within it an ancient, primal understanding.

The creature felt a stirring within, a nascent urge that was at once alien and integral to its being. It was a call to continue a cycle, one that was as old as the curse that now pulsed through its veins. Inside its grotesque body, a sensation began to build, an internal pressure that was uncomfortable but necessary.



The creature's hands – gnarled and hardened – moved to its abdomen as it felt something growing within. The sensation was not one of pain but of purpose, as something small and round began to form inside, a creation fueled by the dark magic that had overtaken Jane.

The creature opened its legs and squatted, wider than it seemed possible for any human to do. With a guttural sound that was part sigh, part groan, it pushed, as its pussy began to open and a little orange egg crested from its nether lips. Covered in goo, a small lone pumpkin emerged, pushed forth by the will of the creature, and dropped onto the ground. The creature stood there, then picked up the baby pumpkin underneath it. It felt like a part of it... yet separate, an offspring of darkness.



In its hands, the small pumpkin began to pulsate with a life of its own, its skin undulating as if breathing. Instinctually, the creature that was once Jane held the tiny pumpkin up to her enormous breast. The little thing purred and cooed as it absorbed whatever foul necture spilled out of the Pumpkin Jane's tit. It grew rapidly, fed by unholy juices tainted from the soil of this cursed land. It grew until it matched the size and form of the pumpkin that Jane had first come upon, the one that was now her head. The creature watched with a corrupted fascination, its mind no longer its own but filled with the insidious desires of the entity it had become.

The desire to share this transformation, to propagate the curse, was overwhelming. The creature's eyes, now glowing hollows in the jack-o'-lantern's wicked face, scanned the horizon with a new purpose. It needed someone, another bearer for the pumpkin, another soul to ensnare.

Clutching the pumpkin, it's child, the creature lurched forward, driven by an instinct as old as the curse itself. It moved through the patch with a singular focus, searching for the unwitting companions it had once known. They used to be dear to it; a brother, a friend; now they were prey to its newfound hunger. The creature's thoughts were simple and clear: find them, complete the cycle, and let the curse live on through another scream, another transformation, another lost soul in the pumpkin patch.

